



Money Well Spent by LittleLonnie

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Summary:

(Richie/Eddie fic) A bit over a year after defeating Pennywise and leaving Derry for good, Bill and Audra invite the Losers to celebrate Christmas with them at their cabin near a Ski Resort. While Richie and Eddie has a thing going - distance, long time rehabilitation in New York and comedy acts in Hollywood has made it difficult to spend much time together and develop a relationship. Which leaves room for quite a lovely reunion this Christmas...

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

A Reddie focused Christmas Fic. Fix it. Pretty much plotless and written for the sake of fluff and for some Holidays spirit.

While I do try to involve the other characters as much as possible, this is a Reddie fic through and through.

While the snow-covered landscape was stunning on the drive up to Bill and Audra's cabin, the drive itself was a bit of a nightmare. The roads were perfect all the way up to the nearby ski resort, but once taking off the main road it was a whole different story. Richie considered himself an average enough driver, but living in California he wasn't exactly used to snow covered roads. So, he felt a great relief when he could finally roll into a free parking spot by an impressively large wooden cabin situated by a frozen lake.

"Shit," Richie leaned over the wheel to look up at the building,

"I guess that's not a bad way to spend your money, Bill," he muttered to himself. Undeniably impressed. Richie had earned a fair share of money once he passed thirty, but there had always been something that had kept him from spending a whole lot of money on himself other than for alcohol and getting around. He had a decent enough apartment in California and a good car. A big impressive cabin for himself taken straight out of a fucking Hallmark Christmas card hadn't ever been something that crossed his mind. Then again, he had neared his forties alone as fuck so who was he supposed to have shared that with anyway?

He turned off the engine and got out only to be met by not one, not two, but three very welcoming dogs. He recognized one being a border collie, the second looked like a mini version of the same dog while the third was undeniably the fluffiest puppy he'd ever encountered.

"I'm no dog expert, but you guys are cute,"

Richie commented dryly compared to the endeared smile growing on his face as he knelt down in the snow to get his face licked.

“Richie, so good to see you man!”

It was Ben’s voice that pulled him out of the little puppy heaven Richie found and by his side was a fourth dog,

“Ben hey! I didn’t know we were bringing a whole pet store. If I knew I’d get a dog too,” the comedian chuckled and embraced his old friend in a tight hug. Not having seen him in a good six months.

“Yeah well. Yeah Mike and his girlfriend owns two of them and as for you, I don’t think you need to worry about getting a dog, Rich. That one’s Eddie’s,”

Ben explained, leaning down and picking up the small border collie-looking pup.

“Eddie got a dog? He never told me,” Richie gaped like a fish on land for no more than four seconds before gladly welcoming the dog into his own

“Her name is Luna,”
Eddie announced his presence by introducing Richie to the pup in his arms. Making Richie’s head snap up in search for the only man that could get his heart to skip like a fucking teenager in love.

“Eddie-” Richie’s voice was in a tone so soft it was only ever reserved for Eddie.

“I don’t need to tell you everything do I?”
Eddie was smiling softly and Ben chuckled, giving Richie a knowing look before patting his thighs for the dogs to follow him down to the lake instead. Richie set Luna down to let her follow along with the other dogs. Hardly taking his eyes off Eddie on the porch while fishing a bag out of the backseat.

“You’ve only packed one bag this time too?”

Eddie raised an eyebrow which was soon joined by the second when Richie as well,

“Oh wow. Two bags. I’m impressed.”

Richie honestly did try to wipe the stupid grin off his face as he rounded the corner and climbed the few steps up to the porch,

“Hola Eduardo,” he quipped, grin only widening when Eddie’s face fell into the good old death glare.

“Fuck off, Richie,” he sighed, but let himself be pulled into Richie’s embrace once the bags were dropped on the wooden floor. Wrapping his own arms around the taller man’s waist and pressed his face against his neck. Taking in a deep breath of the familiar scent.

“Are you sniffing me, Eds?” Richie joked, but his voice was soft and his hug tight. Eddie just mumbled something against his skin before he nodded,

“Offending me at the same time as you compliment me. My favorite kind,” he murmured against his shoulder before turning his head to press a kiss to Eddie’s temple. This was all still so fresh and

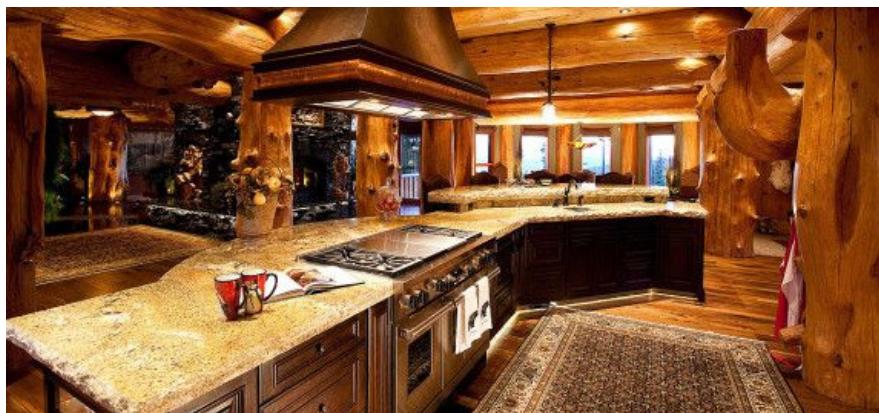
so public display of affection wasn’t something he was quite used to yet even if they now seemed to be alone outside. They weren’t officially anything even though it was no longer a secret that the love their shared between one another was far from platonic.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

H-okay. Not much else to say. A little longer chapter, more Reddie fluff and catching up with some of the Losers.

I do enjoy painting a picture for my readers, but since english isn't my native language I sometimes might add a photo or two with an idea of what I have in mind for a place or whatnot. As such in this case, the cabin.



The inside of the cottage was like taken out of one of those cheesy Christmas movies that ran on TV every Christmas and Richie said as much. Compliments from Richie was usually nicely covered by a joke and snarky comments, but those who knew him knew what it was. What it meant. It was only with very few he allowed himself to be - well. Himself. Like, to be soft with Eddie rather than throwing jokes and bickering with him constantly he needed to be alone with him. It was a forty-year-old defense mechanism. Tearing that wall down to be comfortable with public affections would take some time.

He wasn't going to lie though. The place was phenomenal and large enough to house two handful of guests.

"There's no lacking in wood here, Bill," Richie called out when he

spotted the author by the kitchen island next to his wife Audra,

"By the morning the amount of wood in this building will be-" he grunted as Eddie elbowed him in the ribs.

"For fucks sake, Richie," the shorter man looked about ready to smack him over the head, but Bill was in good spirits and came jogging over to more or less climb Richie like a tree to hug him.

"Never change, Trashmouth. Never change."

Bill took Richie over to meet his wife for the first time. Getting a beer before being set loose to explore the cabin along with Beverly. She linked their arms and headed downstairs where they found Mike with a girlfriend of five months in the room they had been assigned. Andrea was her name and while it was the first time for any of the Losers to meet her, she fit right in. A veterinarian with a bright smile and was the owner of the border collie Dixie and the tiny fluff ball that turned out to be a Bernese Mountain Puppy named Dandy.

With the promise of catching up later the exploration tour continued on to a-

"Wine cellar?" Richie laughed and let go of Beverly so he could explore further in. It wasn't a massive wine cellar, but a narrow room with stone walls and wooden beams just like the rest of the house and roomed enough alcohol to last a long time. Though he suspected some of these wines were there more for the show than anything else.

"Nice place isn't it? I can't remember the last time I had a Christmas that actually felt like Christmas you know? With nothing to worry about, being with friends in a beautiful location and just... Enjoy my time," Bev sighed happily, wrapping her arms around herself as she watched Richie look closer at some wines before she peeked through a narrow floor to ceiling window giving her a slight view of the forest and mountains outside.

"Didn't you and Ben celebrate last year?" Richie asked, returning to her side to really look at her. She looked good. Happy. Like she deserved after years in an abusive relationship.

"Kind of, but it was just a few months after leaving Derry. Everything was still so fresh and I was still waiting for my divorce from Tom to be final. Add to that Eddie was still in Hospital and we were all really healing from what we had dealt with. It's been a rough and long year, but it finally feels like time is slowly starting to heal most wounds," she smiled softly, taking a little sip from her own beer before she let herself be swallowed up in Richie's arms.

"What about you, Richie?" she murmured against his chest.

"I'm great," he said after a moment, a bit hesitant, but honest as he continued,

"Hectic with writing new materials and new shows. Coming out by letting my mouth run was kind of interesting too though I guess more surprised that it hasn't really been much of a problem. I would never have dealt with that hadn't it been for you guys," he leaned back against the counter and really looked at her,

"Having Eddie on the other side of the country has been trying too. Not being able to be there for him as much as I wished through all of this has been more difficult than I'd like to admit."

Beverly listened. She had always been such a good listener and the best of friends. She knew it was difficult to talk so openly about this and she never pushed. Which was why she was usually the one person he would talk to about this besides Eddie and even then, there weren't everything he wanted to put on his already heavy shoulders. Not at this point anyway.

"I think you will find spending time and talking to him this weekend will do you both good, Richie."

He didn't disagree with that. They had both been so busy dealing with their lives that having a chance to really move forward and try this thing called relationship hadn't really had a chance to take a form beyond a few kisses. Before coming here Richie hadn't even seen Eddie in five months which was only partly handled well enough because they talked on the phone and on Skype very often. That's what all the Losers had to when they lived across the country.

"How about we head upstairs?" Bev suggested when she heard music being put on somewhere above them and Audra laughing at something,

"If you think they're about to let us lay down and lazy around all weekend you've got another thing coming for you," she snorted when Richie grimaced, letting her take his hand and tug her along with him.

"Why you say that? What have they got planned?" he asked, but Bev wouldn't answer. Just winked at him and lead him up the wooden steps. He learned quickly that the plan was to head out to find themselves a big nice Christmas tree in the woods with the help of two horses that according to Audra - they had been allowed to borrow on two separate occasions now from a stable nearby if they brought back a tree for the owners as well.

While this was being announced to the guests, Richie sneaked across the large living room over to where he spotted Eddie on the bottom step of the stairs leading up to the floor he had yet to see.

"Don't give me that look. You are coming along," Eddie whispered in his ear when Richie came to stop one step down from him. That way the shorter man could rest his hands on his shoulders and Richie allowed himself to lean back against him just a little. No one way paying attention anyway.

"So, you plan on going out there too?" Richie asked, tilting his head a little when he felt one of Eddies' fingers stroke along his jaw line. His eyes trailing over everyone in the room. Ben and Beverly with his German shepherd and Eddie's dog Luna. Mike and Andrea lounging on the couch with Dandy and Dixie while Audra was busy with something behind the kitchen island and Bill spoke seemingly nonstop about their plans for the weekend. Richie really only catching half of it because of Eddie.

"Well yeah. I've been stuck in New York for so long it would be nice with some actual fresh air. Not to mention I can finally walk and move about easier than in so long, Rich. I'm aching to do something," Eddie explained, his arms circling around Richie's shoulders instead so his fingers could play with the collar of his shirt. He could most

likely never push his body as far as he could before his injury, but considering he should be dead he wasn't about to complain.

"Does that mean you're fit for all kinds of activities?" Richie quipped, one side of his lips turning upward although Eddie couldn't see it.

"Well. Not all activities-" Eddie played dumb. He should have seen that coming.

"Rock climbing would be ill advised. Horse riding maybe, but we are not supposed to be riding the ones we got here. Swimming could do, but considering everything is frozen outside I'd rather avoid that-

"Oh, shut up you know what I mean," Richie whispered and turned around in Eddie's arms and placed one hand on the railing next to him and the other on his waist,

"I was thinking more along the lines of copulations or... Carnal embrace, sexual relations, intercourse, the horizontal tango, procreation - though that might be a bit difficult for us-" his grin widened when Eddie attempted to silence him with his hand, but it didn't stop him from finishing the obvious one against his fingers,

"Sex."

Eddie was silent and even dropped his gaze and for a second Richie was worried he had made a move too quickly. Despite his words he wasn't about to push for anything. He knew Eddie had never been in a relationship with a man, but joking around was Richie's go to interaction. He would be no less happy just getting to spend time with Eddie again now.

"I don't know," Eddie looked up with a little smile which eased Richie's fears immediately,

"I'm not saying no," he added and quickly gave his Richie a kiss on the cheek.

"Alright so go get dressed those of you who wants to come along outside. Audra and Andrea will be staying here to decorate a bit so the choice is yours," Bill assured, looking towards Eddie and Richie,

"Dress appropriately."

"So, no tutu or spandex then?" Richie asked, satisfied with the various levels of laughs and huffs he got in response to his joke.

"We're shaming no one here, Rich. If spandex and tutu is your way to go then knock yourself out honey," Beverly chuckled. Eddie had just rolled his eyes and grabbed Richie's two bags as Luna came running over and eagerly ran up the stairs ahead of them. He was already halfway upstairs by the time Richie realized Eddie had taken his things and went on without him.

"Hey hold up," he pocketed his hands and peeked into the various rooms on the second floor. One was undoubtedly Bill and Audra's master bedroom, there were a study room, a tiny room with just a toilet and then a larger bathroom with a big tub and all in there. There was a TV room with a hell of a view of the mountains in which you could just barely spot the ski resort.

"Why thank you sir. I could have carried those myself," Richie pointed out when he found the bedroom Eddie and Luna had went to. It was one of the smaller bedrooms, but big enough for them and even better. One bed.

"Hold on-" the taller man stopped before Eddie could reply to his first comment, having spotted only one suitcase in the corner,

"Let me get this straight. You only brought one case?"

Eddie flipped him off, but nodded.

"And I brought two bags? Plot twist," he snorted and knelt down to welcome Luna into his arms. Brushing his hands over her colorful fur and scratched her neck,

"What breed is she anyway?"

"Australian Shepherd. She's about five months old so she's still growing," Eddie explained. Indicating to Richie's bag as if asking if it was alright for him to hang his clothes up in one of the closets to which he got a light nod in response. Of course Eddie took the time to hang all their things up tidy as he was.

After a good ten minutes of light talk, tidying up their things and chatting about Luna Richie went over and cupped Eddie's face in his hands. The scar on his cheek having healed up incredibly nicely and while it was visible when you got up close, the scruff Eddie was now sporting hid it pretty well. Richie brushed his thumb over his bottom lip as he admired the man he had been in love with since childhood,

"You look good. Healthy and... Sexy as fuck," he grinned when Eddie let out something akin to a scoff. Feeling the smaller man's hands slip in under his jacket to his waist and pulled him closers until their bodies met. Now being alone he allowed their lips to meet at first in a row of soft kisses before it turned into a deeper and longer kiss. Richie's hand on Eddie's neck was gentle, keeping two thumbs under his chin to tilt his head back to fit their lips together more perfectly. Richie delighted himself in the sigh that escaped Eddie when those same thumbs slipped down and stroke against his throat.

"Stop, that tickles," Eddie grinned against his lips and took a deep breath. His fingers having hooked into the belt on Richie's trousers and were now teasing the little happy trail on his belly,

"We should get going. We've already taken long enough up here."

"You're the one that absolutely needed to put everything in the closet," Richie pointed out and reluctantly took a step back so he could find something more suitable to wear outside.

"Alright hold on. Let me get my spandex."

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Things get a little more intimate between Richie and Eddie.

Notes for the Chapter:

While not really explicit, this chapter contains sexual content and a shitton of fluff! :)



As it turned out, trudging through the snow-covered woods wasn't an easy task. Eddie had willingly, though a bit uncertain taken the responsibility to lead one of the horses while Beverly eagerly took the other. Bill and Mike lead the group while Richie walked between Bev

and Eddie – **not** wearing tutu or spandex - with their horses. Ben had decided to remain back to help Audra and Andrea with decorating and kept the puppies with them.

It was a long walk, but a beautiful one. Andrea's border collie and Ben's German shepherd tagged along though and lead the way until Bill decided they had found an area that had good candidates as Christmas trees. Eddie took the lead from Bev's horse and waited back while the others got axes ready to chop since none of them wanted Eddie to carry too much weight.

It allowed Richie time to sneak up over to Eddie and the horses and wrap his arms around him from behind,

“Didn’t take you for a horse guy,” he teased, reaching a hand out to tickle one of the horses’ muzzle. Eddie leaned back against him and shook his head,

“Yeah I’m holding two horses by the lead. I must be a horse man,” Eddie chuckled and tilted his head back to look at the taller man before leaning up to press a kiss to the underside of the jaw. They joked around for a while before Eddie pushed Richie to help the others with the two trees they had picked out while he turned the horses about.

“Eddie!” Richie called out before Eddie had any idea what was going on. One moment he was standing next to the horse, the very next he was lying flat out in the snow staring up at the snow-covered canopy of trees. His elbow and his temple hurting a bit, but otherwise just a little confused about what had happened. Richie had hurried through the snow and knelt by his side only to find Eddie snort,

“What happened?” he made a face and with some help could sit up in the cushioning snow and touch a hand to his temple. Finding it bleeding a little where he had cut himself on something.

“Shit. Just the horse getting spooked by something and sent you flying,” Bill assured over Richie’s shoulder and Richie visibly relaxed when Eddie seemed to be alright.

“You got the trees?” Eddie brushed snow from his hair and let Richie pull him up and Beverly did a quick once over on him before giving him a pat on the shoulder. Mike and Bill secured the two trees to the

ropes behind the horses and nodded once they were ready to head back.

“You just got butt-checked by a horse, dude,” Richie cracked a smile when they were on the way, panting a bit after far too long trudging through heavy snow.

They made their way back without any more incidents and Eddie had to wave off any worries from the others, but much to both of their delights Audra offered for him to get warm in the outdoor hot tub they had on the porch upstairs. Bill and Mike helped with getting the tree inside before they headed back outside to bring the horses and the second tree to their home.

This gave Eddie and Richie some room for some alone time.

“Now I’m glad I didn’t question why we would be bringing swim wear,” Richie grinned, entering the large bathroom upstairs after having changed into his swim trunks. Only to find Eddie seated on the edge of the bath tub rubbing something on his bare legs, wearing a black swim short with a fancy belt that shortcut Richie’s brain. Not only because his chest was bare and hair ruffled, but it was probably the first time he had seen his scar and not just bandages. As suspected, he didn’t look any less gorgeous with the scar.

“Huh,” Richie bit down on his bottom lip so not to stand there gaping like a fish on land,

“So, how’s... How’s the cuts?” he asked instead, walking over to Eddie and gently brushed a few of his dark hair strands away from his temple to see the red scratches that was left behind. Cleaned and sore, but not bleeding so Richie leaned down and pressed a kiss there while he slid his hand down Eddie’s arm to where he had hit his elbow as well. Ending up kneeling in front of Eddie,

“You are kind of accident-prone, Eds,” Richie pointed out. Letting his thumb very gently rub his elbow and kept their eyes locked as he lifted his free hand to touch the large scar on his chest,

“It looks better,” he smiled a little, but Eddie sighed and just shrugged.

“It looks like I’ve been through a fucking autopsy,” he countered, but was silenced by Richie’s lips against his. Richie’s hands sliding onto Eddie’s thighs as he kissed him,

“Don’t say that. It’s a reminder of Pennywise sure, but it’s also a reminder of how you fucking survived him and what a fighter you are. Just comes to show how strong you really are,” he encouraged, lips moving down to Eddie’s throat before he settled back on his legs instead.

“You’re too kind sometimes,” Eddie looked down at where Richie was still resting his hands on his thighs. His expression soft and humbled, which soon turned into one of his natural worried looks when Richie was leaning forward and pressed a kiss to the inside of his knee,

“What the fuck are you doing,” he felt his heart skip a beat when he didn’t get an answer and Richie instead continued to press another kiss further in on his thigh.

“I’m admiring you in these shorts, Eddie my love,” he mumbled against his warm skin, moving to kiss further in – still on the inside of his thigh,

“I don’t think you should worry about your scar. It won’t make anyone love you less and it doesn’t make you any less attractive,” he whispered. His hand moving to his waist now as his lips reach the bottom of Eddie’s shorts. Really enjoying the slight gasp from his love.

“Richie-” Eddie’s voice is low, but he doesn’t continue. His breath hitching when Richie’s tongue slide over the salty skin and playfully nipping on the skin before he paused to look up at Eddie’s wide, dark eyes. Feeling the other man’s fingers card through his curls, encouraging him to lean forward and press a kiss just above Eddie’s bellybutton. Hands cupping his narrow waist as he moved his kisses up his belly to his chest until he was back to kneeling between Eddie’s legs.

“If this is your attempt to get into my pants later it’s really working,” Eddie lightly massaged Richie’s lovely, broad shoulders and leaned forward to kiss him. Holding onto him as Richie groaned while

getting his feet under him again and pulled Eddie up with him.

“Advice. Don’t stay on your knees for too long once passing forty,” Richie warned against Eddie’s lips. Eddie just huffed and patted his shoulders.

They headed out on the little porch next to the bathroom and Eddie immediately shuddered while Richie watched how well those black shorts suited him.

“Get in here before you catch your death,” the shorter of the two insisted once he had submerged into the hot tub and surfaced again, running a hand through his hair. He didn’t need to ask Richie twice about joining and in no time, Eddie found himself sliding over next to him just as someone downstairs put on a Frank Sinatra Christmas song.

“I love this song,” Eddie grinned as he slid his arm behind Richie’s shoulders. Half expecting the other to disagree, but to his delightful surprise he smiled,

“Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas?” he whispered questioningly and Eddie nodded,

“I might be convinced to agree.”

It crossed his mind – as he had his arm was wrapped around Eddie’s middle and sliding gentle fingers up and down his soaked back and glanced at the darkening landscape beyond the porch – that this. *This right here.* It was sappy. And happy. And perfect. And that didn’t usually happen to him. Yet here he was, eyes fluttering shut as he felt Eddie’s lips against his throat and had him really appreciate finally having this. He basked in the attention like a cat basking on the porch in the sun in the middle of summer.

When their lips met again his hand came to rest on Eddie’s bare back where the larger entry wound from Pennywise’s claw was healing as well. Richie tightened his hold around his Eddie and deepened the kiss. Capturing his bottom lip, he tugged on it, forcing Eddie’s lips even closer. Smiling at the annoyed huff that escaped the shorter man’s mouth. By now he was almost seated in his lap while they

were making out. Water lapping over their shoulders the more eager they got.

Somewhere along the way their position shifted a bit. Richie pushed back against Eddie, guiding him with his arm around his waist until he had him against the side of the hot tub. Not breaking the kiss as he moved his hand from Eddie's thigh to the front of his shorts. Only then breaking to look daggers at Eddie as his fingers curl around the fucking belt.

"What is this shit anyway? A chastity belt?" Richie's smile widened the more offended Eddie seemed to get.

"Fuck off, Richie. Some of us might want a swim short that don't bloody slide off when you swim," he defended,

"Not to mention it was expensive so yeah. A belt."

"A chastity belt," Richie taunted with the intention of distracting him,

"Maybe you should just fatten yourself up a bit so shorts don't just slide off."

Whatever argument Eddie was forming was replaced by a gasp as Richie's hand slid over the front of his shorts and gently massaged the bulge there.

"Fuck, Richie—" Eddie pressed himself backwards. Richie's hand sliding up his spine to use his arm as a sort of protection against the side of the tub.

"Yeah?" He pressed a lingering kiss to his cheek and smiled softly when Eddie curled closer to him. Feeling his arm wrap around his shoulders and pressed his face against his neck.

"Don't stop," Eddie moaned, nuzzling against his neck. His other hand clutching at the tub edge. This was a terrible idea. They would have to join their friends downstairs so getting worked up here. Now. Without the time to complete it was going to be bloody murderous. Yet Richie continued and Eddie couldn't find it in him to tell him to stop.

Somewhere along the way though Richie stopped and wrapped his arm around Eddie's waist instead so they could make out instead. Noses brushing, laughter shared and hands brushing over skin. Both more than warm enough after trudging through the snow for a good hour or two.

"We should join the others before they start questioning what we're up to," Eddie pointed out. Breath still a bit short from Richie's hand job.

They were a bit reluctant, but they didn't argue. Getting dressed again in silence while every now and then stealing a little kiss from the other. The looks they shared was a promise that they would continue this later on.

Notes for the Chapter:

Comments are more than welcome! As well as ideas!
=)

Author's Note:

I'm unsure how long this fic will be as of now, but more is to come and most is already written. First chapter ended up a bit short, but it's mainly just to set up location really.